

## THE WILY RED MAN.

Some instances of the Indians' quickness of wit.

Numerous instances of the red man's quickness of wit are related by those who have had dealings with him. A Canadian chief was looking idly on while some Englishmen were hard at work improving property newly acquired from the dusky tribe.

"Why don't you work?" asked the supervisor of the chief.

"Why you no work yourself?" was the rejoinder.

"I work headwork," replied the white man, touching his forehead. "But come here and kill this calf for me, and I'll give you a quarter."

The Indian stood still for a moment, apparently deep in thought, and then he went off to kill the calf.

"Why don't you finish your job?" presently asked the supervisor, seeing the man stand with folded arms over the unskinned, undressed carcass.

"You say you give me quarter to kill calf," was the reply. "Calf dead. Me want quarter."

The white man smiled and handed the Indian an extra coin to go on with the work.

"How is it," asked the Englishman one day after a series of one-sided dealings, "that you so often get the better of me?"

"I work headwork," solemnly replied the man of the woods.

A white trader once succeeded in selling a large quantity of gunpowder to one of this tribe on the assurance that it was a new kind that the white man used for seed and if sown in especially prepared loam would yield an amazing crop. Away went the Indian to sow his powder and in his hope of making money from his fellows was careful not to mention his enterprise.

When at last, however, he realized how he had been duped he held his tongue for a year or more until the trickster had completely forgotten the occurrence. Then he went to his honker's store and bought goods on credit amounting to a little more than the price of the planted gunpowder. He had the reputation of a good payer, and his scheme worked easily. When settling day came, the creditor called promptly.

"Right," said the Indian slowly—"right, but my powder not yet sprouted. Me pay you when me reap him."

## CURED BY SARCASM.

A Lesson in the Use of Simple Terms in Letter Writing.

A few months ago the son of a railroad way director was through his father's influence given a position of some importance on a large railway. He was fresh from Cambridge, and in the orders which he from time to time issued to the men under him always made use of the longest, most unusual words.

This habit led to some rather expensive blunders, and the matter coming before the general manager, he wrote the young official the following letter:

"In promulgating your esoteric cogitations and in articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amiable philosophical or psychological observations beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communication possess a clarified conciseness, a compacted comprehensibility, a coalescent consistency and a concatenated cogency. Peshew all conglomeration of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and asinine affectation. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without the domineering or thronal bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, ventiloquial verbosity and vauquois vapidity. Shun doleful entendre, prurient jocosity and pestiferous profanity, obscenity or apparent. In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, purely and truthfully. Don't put on airs; say what you mean; mean what you say, and don't use big words."

The young official took the gentle hint and changed his style.—London Tit-Bits.

## Doing Europe.

Facilities for traveling nowadays are so accelerated that it is quite possible for the tourist to pass through five European countries in fourteen hours, barring accidents—namely, England, France, Belgium, Germany and Holland.

Take the express from Charing Cross to Dover and cross over to Calais—two countries. Then with the intercontinental express you proceed to Brussels—three countries. From the Belgian capital by train to Aix-la-Chapelle, which is German territory, making the fourth country, and after allowing time for a meal a drive to Vaux, in Holland, makes the fifth country—and all in fourteen hours.

The Beverage of Paraguay.

Mate, the national beverage of Paraguay, is brewed from the dried leaves of the flex and does not intoxicate. Mate can be drunk hot or cold, it can be taken with cream and sugar, like tea or coffee, and it can be used "straight," which seems by far the best way of drinking it. Plain mate is quite bitter, and, like beer, it is an acquired taste. The first sip gives a distinctly bitter taste, and the drinker sets down his glass with a wry face. Presently, as soon as the bitter effect wears off, the imbiber has a pleasant recollection of the sensation. By this time the powerful stimulating property of the drink has begun to work and the drinker feels like taking another sip. Mate makes the user of it "feel good," makes him look with a brighter eye on the dark side of life, makes him forget his troubles for the moment, and, best of all, unlike beer, it makes him feel like working or doing something with his brain or his hands instead of loafing or gossiping.

Chemists who have carefully analyzed mate say that it is perfectly harmless. It has only the smallest percentage of caffeine and volatile oils and it never leaves a bad after effect. Even when the drinker has a disordered stomach or bad nerves the consumption of mate is not followed by unpleasant feelings.

## LAZY MAN'S PARADISE.

The Women Are the Hard Workers in the West Indies.

On market day in the West Indies thousands of peasant women and girls can be seen walking along the roads to the town from their palm thatched huts in the mountains and woods. They carry on their heads immense loads of bananas, oranges, yams, plantains, brown sugar or tobacco, stepping along at the rate of four miles an hour with the gait of a princess.

Constant carrying of heavy loads gives them a splendid carriage. They will walk forty miles to market to sell 20 cents' worth of produce. Often they could sell the same stuff for a better price at their homes, but they enjoy the merry company on the road and the fun and gossip of the market place too much to give up their weekly jaunt.

Most people think such a tramp hard work, but they regard it as a picnic. Tramping along over rough mountain tracks, fording swift rivers, tugging fractious mules in the way that they should go, these women never let their loads fall. They could dance a jig without dropping them.

Meanwhile the men, folk, who have not even taken the trouble to sow or harvest the crops, much less carry them to market, are sleeping in the palm thatched hut or lying down in the yam patch outside and smoking the strong native tobacco.

"On my estate," said a coffee planter to an American friend, "I employ about 600 people the busy seasons. The women outnumber the men by more than two to one and do far better work, though they are only paid 18 cents a day as compared with the men's 24 cents. The difference in wages is most unfair, but it is regulated by an iron bound custom."—Kansas City Star.

Jungle Housekeeping.

The negro housewife in the West Indian jungle finds housekeeping very easy. Fruit and vegetables grow wild all about the hut, and the river abounds with fish.

On wash day all she has to do is to pick a few of the berries of the soap berry tree, take her clothes to the river and use the berries as she would use ordinary soap. Even her cooking pots grow out of the trees, the calabash cut in halves being used for this purpose.

Calabashes are used also for bowls, basins and jugs for carrying water from the river, while the small ones make excellent cups.

In the afternoon, when she is ready for her cup of tea, the negro picks half a dozen leaves from the lime bush growing at her door, boils them, squeezes the juice from a sugar cane for sweetening, and the coconut supplies the milk. Thus she has a delicious cup of tea without depending on the grocer for it.

She makes the mats for her floor out of the dried leaves of the banana, plaited and sewed together, as the old country people in this country make their rag mats.

## BRAHMAN PROVERBS.

He that committeth no evil hath nothing to fear. Mix kindness with reproof and rean son with authority.

Of much speaking cometh repentance but in silence is safety.

The first step toward being wise is to know that thou art ignorant.

Envy not the appearance of happiness in any man, for thou knowest not his secret griefs.

Indulge not thyself in the passion of anger. It is whetting a sword to wound thine own breast.

Consider and forget not thine own weakness, so shalt thou pardon the failings of others.

The heart of the envious man is gall and bitterness. The success of his neighbor breaketh his rest.

This instant is thine. The next is in the womb of futurity, and thou knowest not what it may bring forth.

As a virtue addeth to beauty, so are a man's vices set off by the shade which his modesty casteth upon him.

As the ostrich when pursued hideth his head, but forgetteth his body, so the fears of a coward expose him to danger.

Oldest Family in the World.

Of the 400 families in the British house of lords about a dozen date back to 1400, the earliest being 1294. The oldest family in the British Isles is the Mar family in Scotland, 1003. The Campbells of Argyll began in 1190. Talleyrand dates from 1199 and Bismarck from 1270. The Grosvenor family, the Duke of Westminster, 1006; the Austrian house of Hapsburg goes back to 962 and the house of Bourbon to 864. The descendants of Mohammed, born 570, are all registered carefully and authoritatively in a book kept in Mecca by a chief of the family. Little or no doubt exists of the absolute authenticity of the long line of Mohammed's descendants. In China there are many old families; also among the Jews. But in point of pedigree the mikado of Japan has a unique record. His place has been filled by members of his family for more than 2,500 years. The present mikado is the one hundred and twenty-second in the line. The first one was contemporary with Nebuchadnezzar, 606 years before Christ.

Training a Beagle.

With regard to the training of a beagle, he has to be treated on quite a different plan from the setter and pointer. In their cases a great deal of work of training is to conquer natural propensities, whereas with the beagle you encourage him to go on and do all he can in seeking and chasing when found. Young dogs are usually put down with an older one, and a very few lessons suffice. It comes as natural to a beagle to run scent as for a terrier to kill rats, and if there is no apparent inclination one lesson usually suffices for the dog, so long as he is not portering in one well tested place, but casting all about when he has lost the trail.—Field and Stream.

## Quite Different.

Tess—No she has fallen in love with an English nobleman.

Jess—You don't tell me?

Tess—Surely you've heard.

Jess—No. I merely heard she was engaged to marry one—Philadelphia Press.

## Dividing Her Weight.

"Don't stand on that delicate table to hang the picture, Martha. It'll break. You're too heavy."

"Oh, no, I'm not, mum. It'll bear me. I'm standing only on one foot!"—Philadelphia North American.

## Domestic Troubles.

It is exceptional to find a family where there are no domestic ruptures occasionally, but these can be lessened by having Dr. King's New Life Pills around. Much trouble they save by their great work in stomach and liver troubles. They not only relieve you, but cure. 25c at Frank G. Bland's drug store.

For something you can eat go to the Coffee and Chop House, Pike street, opposite Waldo.

## ODD NOTIONS OF WOMEN.

Rosa Bonheur treasured a small lead image of St. Anthony of Padua as a lucky charm.

Caroline Herschel firmly believed that if she met a cross-eyed beggar in the morning it presaged the discovery of a new star that night.

George Eliot was a slave to the influence of the hunchback and clubfooted man and did no literary work upon the day when she saw one.

Lady Milais, the wife of the great painter, was convinced that the crack of doom would sound for any one who stepped on a crack in the sidewalk.

Harriet Beecher Stowe believed that it was bad luck to throw away a toothbrush which had outlived its usefulness, and to the anguish of her household preserved every one that she had ever used.

Queen Victoria cherished a number of superstitions, and among them she believed that the removal of her wedding ring would surely bring calamity and that a pet Manx cat would bring good luck to the royal household.

## A Very Close Call.

"I stuck to my engine, although every joint ached and every nerve was racked with pain," writes C. W. O'Brian, a locomotive fireman, of Burlington, Iowa. "I was weak and pale, without any appetite and all run down. As I was about to give up, I got a bottle of Electric Bitters, and after taking it, I felt as well as I ever did in my life." Weak, sickly, run down people always gain new life, strength and vigor from their use. Try them. A satisfaction guaranteed by Frank G. Bland, druggists. Price 50c.

## To Clip the Hair.

To clip the hair braid in several loose braids, front and back separately; then begin at the tips of the braids, and, holding a braid with one hand, with the other hand rub up tip of braid to the head until the short hairs stand out and the whole braid is rough; then take the scissors and clip off all the ends.

## To Clean an Invalid's Room.

The best way to clean an invalid's room is to rub the carpet with a cloth wrung out of ammonia, rinsing and turning the cloth as the dust and dirt collect upon it. Change the water frequently. This is far better than sweeping and raising an unpleasant dust.

## Cured After Suffering 10 Years.

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## A Rustic Moralist.

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"But, elder, I clean forgot to tell ye the fish were caught yesterday" (Sunday).

"Weel, John," returned the elder, gazing steadily at the contents of the basket, "I dinna see that that was the fault of the trout."

Jack took his departure, sadder and wiser.—London Tit-Bits.

## A Night Alarm.

Worse than an alarm of fire at night is the brazen cough of croup, which sounds like the children's death knell, and it means death unless something is done quickly. Foley's Honey and Tar never fails to give instant relief and quickly cures the worst forms of croup. Mrs. P. L. Cordier, of Manassas, Ky., writes: "My three-year-old girl had a severe case of croup; the doctor said she could not live. I got a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar. The first dose gave quick relief, and it saved her life." For sale by Stone & Mercer, C. D. Sturm & Co. and R. J. Criss.

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## Make the Most of Your Eyes.

Nothing is more charming than the straightforward gaze which indicates that a woman is in complete possession of herself, confident of her own powers and strength and does not feel the need of looking hither and thither for a way of escape. Once learn the trick of a steady gaze and no matter how plain the girl may be there is something about her which every one will declare is charming and fascinating. Soft and melting eyes, flashing eyes, brilliant eyes, soulful eyes, are not in it with the eyes of direct gaze, particularly if they are shaded by lids which are rather large and heavy.

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## Joy of Birds.

A writer in an English publication declares that birds say their tails when they are happy. "The gander," he says, "when he has to his satisfaction driven off a dog from the presence of his spouse returns to her, craning his neck toward her, and wags his tail with pleasure. Our jackdaw, or rather jildaw, as it is a female, on our return a few days since after two months' absence, cried out lustily to us from the bush where she was perched, and on our going to greet her she received us with profuse tail wagging to show her pleasure at our return. She always greets her particular friends in the household by wagging her tail, crouching on her perch and cawing in an undertone."

## Another observer finds that some birds blush.

He writes: "We have a very fine specimen of the blue and yellow macaw which displays this trait, not often, for he is remarkably good tempered and the blush is an invariable sign of anger, so much so that we warn all friends that while his cheeks remain white all attacks are foregone, yet if the 'danger signal' red, shows to look out and keep out of reach." The owner of a blue and orange macaw says that its white, parchment-like face becomes bright pink, especially above the beak, whenever it is angry or excited.

## Time Schedule of Wilsonburg Car, Fairmont & Clarkburg Traction Co.

Car leaves Clarkburg at corner Main and Fourth streets.

\* C. Clarkburg; A. Adamston; W. Wilsonburg; O. O'Neill. Last car leaves O'Neill 11:35 and comes back to Clarkburg at 12:05.

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